

i could fall in love with you (only if you'd like me to)

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by [alltimecharlo](#)

Summary

Dream sends George his hoodie, watches him wear it for point five seconds and promptly falls even deeper in love.

[or, a Dream POV companion fic to 'got a thing about you (and it won't go away)']

Notes

-title from 'clusterhug' by idkhow but they found me

hello everyone :)

(if you're new here please read the first part of this series before this otherwise this fic won't make a lot of sense!)

it's finally here, i know a lot of you were excited so i hope this does your expectations justice <3 yes, this will also continue on from where the first fic left off at the end because i apparently can't stop myself writing about these two!! hehe

hope you all enjoy ♡

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter One

This is a stupid idea.

The little voice in the very back of Dream's mind tells him again as he prints George's address in large letters on the package in front of him.

Maybe so, He considers for a second, but I'm still doing it anyway.

Dream couldn't shake the thought from his head once they'd managed to start talking about how much taller he is than George (which is actually about half a foot, by the way).

The image of George's pale, yet lightly freckled skin contrasting the pale-blue hoodie he had happened to be wearing at the time had stuck to his brain like cotton candy, fluffy and sweet. He'd imagined the sleeves falling long past his dainty fingertips, the hoodie being too large for his frame, causing the material to slip down lopsided on one of his shoulders and expose his collar bones and the words had just fallen out of his mouth.

Dream had sat in silence for a few seconds, mentally cursing himself thinking he'd just fucked up *massively*. That George would probably think he's weird or creepy or... *oh*, George had only laughed and teased him, jokingly daring him to send him one.

So here he is, rising to that challenge like it's real because he wishes it was.

When he returns home from the post office, he has to lie down flat on his bed, spreading his long limbs in all directions across the sheets, as he contemplates the irreversibleness of his actions. It has been done, and Dream can only wait around for two weeks (in crippling impatience) to see George's reaction.

Fuck.

"DREAM, I was *joking*."

He can't help but grin as George's voice explodes down his speakers. The other has his facecam on, currently carefully ripping off the rest of the meticulous packaging Dream had prepared about a fortnight prior.

George's face is lit up in a sheer grin of what appears to be disbelief and incredulity, much to his relief. He can't stop his own smile from lighting up his face when the other holds the pale-blue garment against his torso and Dream can clearly see how the other man is going to entirely *drown* in the soft material he'd had wrapped around his own body weeks before.

George is laughing and teasing with him, Dream is doing the same. That's what they *do*.

Feeling a little antsy and impatient, however, Dream begins urging him to wear the baby-blue hoodie. He's sitting, watching and waiting for George to remove his own merch hoodie, which he was shamelessly wearing previously, when the air is knocked out of his lungs.

The grey fabric of George's jumper is pulled over his head, but in the process, the plain white t-shirt he wears underneath rides up and exposes George's pale skin.

Dream knows he shouldn't look, *feels* like he shouldn't look or shouldn't even *want* to look, but his eyes flick to the bottom of the frame all the same, scanning over the expanse of his friend's chest for the brief few seconds it's on show. His mind flicks between sinuous and soft things all the same, ALL of which he should not be thinking about George, no, no.

He bites on his own tongue to regain some of his freaking sanity.

George blushes hard when he realises what's happened; Dream does his best to try and make him feel comfortable by pretending nothing ever happened at all.

"Go on, George."

He repeats his words again, sure to make his tone as gentle as possible, like George is a deer stuck in headlights that needs coaxing out of the middle of the road.

"Fine, I'm doing it."

George agrees to Dream's delight, not quite believing the reluctance he's clearly trying to portray in his tone. This fact gives him enough butterflies alone.

Then, Dream returns his attention to George's camera and he's *wearing it*.

George is wearing his hoodie, one he's owned for years and has been to so many places with him. George is holding a piece of Dream's life so close to his heart right now without even knowing it and it's making his feelings ache.

Making his *cheeks* ache from all this damn smiling. He can only hold on a second longer before a small gasp of air escapes his traitorous lips. Dream can only hope it was inaudible enough not to hear.

He watches silently in absolute awe as George regards himself in the camera and suddenly looks down at his feet with a shy smile, clutching onto the hems of the hoodie's sleeves and pulling them to bunch at his fingers... *sweater paws*. Dream's heart rate is doing something very, very dangerous.

Dream feels his mouth move before his mind can form any coherent thought, "George, you look..."

God, his brain finally catches up and he curses his loose lips. There's only one ending to his sentence flying around his stupid brain, so he says it.

"You look *cute*."

His words are breathless and lower than usual. George doesn't believe he's being sincere, as expected of his humble to the end friend, he protests to the contrary.

Dream's loud mouth even likes to butt in again, "I can't- You look adorable in my hoodie."

God, he's tripping over his words like a fool. The only compensation for his utter embarrassment is the deep-red blush blooming on George's cheeks. Dream *loves* that he can make that happen, make George look so damn happy, giddy and ethereally pretty.

With these thoughts, the next thing that flies out of his mouth seems only natural.

"Is it comfy, *baby*?"

He leans in closer to the mic and keeps his voice steady as he speaks. Sweat gathers in his palms

and adrenaline races through his veins as he awaits George's response.

The way the pet name had slipped out of his mouth had just felt so *right* he couldn't stop it, and when he had he soon found that he definitely likes the way it sounds rolling off his tongue. He only hopes his gut instinct works in the same way as George's and that the other echoes his sentiments.

He holds his breath as he watches George blush a deep, dark red, creating a beautiful contrast with the light fabric he wears.

He's so goddamn beautiful. Dream finds this thought front and foremost in his mind, not leaving much room for anything else to prepare him for when George tells him that it's 'very comfy' with a shy and timid gaze.

Then the other has the audacity to nuzzle his face into the hoodie (*his* hoodie) and Dream has to use all of his strength to change topics as George thanks him, teasing him over his height again through breathless wheezes.

Just because he apparently can't help himself, he allows the pet name to slip out again, "Whatever you say, *baby*. Whatever you say."

~

Dream feels a wash of relief fly through him as his plane bumps onto the tarmac at the airport in London.

Not being a fan of heights certainly does not couple well with an eight hour journey across the dark Atlantic Ocean, but he had enough reasons to push him through his anxiety.

George, He'd kept mentally repeating to himself each time the plane jolted through turbulence, *George* is going to be physically in front of him in less than a few hours. It's the only thought that had got him through his mental strife.

Exiting the plane, however, and walking himself down the long, white tunnel into the airport, brings a whole new wave of nervousness to his racing heart and mind.

God. *George* is going to be physically in front of him in less than a few *minutes* now.

What the hell should he do when he sees him? Hug him? Simply say 'hi'? A freaking handshake?

Dream has no idea whatsoever, apart from the fact that he knows he really, really wants to engulf *George* in his arms, pulling the other man's warmth flush against him to finally feel the texture of pixels he's been staring at over many, many years.

He shakes these ideas out of his brain as he swoops down to capture his suitcase from the revolving conveyor belt and pulls the handle sharply upwards to walk it behind him.

Briefly, he remembers *George* telling him to confirm his arrival when he touches down but with Dream taking large strides towards security as he eyes the queue, he just reasons that shooting *George* a text to explain would only slow him down and he wants to meet up with the other as soon as possible to quell his rapidly beating heart.

There's intrusive and anxiety-inducing thoughts that apparently like to bother his mind as he finally nears the exit into the main terminal of the airport.

What if George doesn't like the way he looks?

With all the excitement centered around their fast-paced lives and non-existent sleep schedules, it's very easy for Dream to forget that the other man has never even seen his face when he gets to admire George's cute scrunched up eyes and cheeks and adorable, fluffy dark hair on a near-daily basis.

What if George can instantly see all of his imperfections?

The little things that bug Dream, like the way his nose is ever-so-slightly crooked to the left from where he broke it playing football all those years ago and it never really healed correctly. Or like the stupid way all his teeth are on show when he laughs, or his annoyingly long hair that falls in front of his face all too often.

His mind is flooded with such a bombardment of questions that he doesn't even realise he's already stormed out of the gate and into the large, white space of the terminal until he finds himself facing the back of a very familiar individual.

Dark raven hair glints under the bright lights and Dream would know the person it belongs to anywhere. His mouth moves before his brain can even form a connection.

"George?"

Said man flies round at the sound of his name and Dream finds himself short of breath at the sight. George sits at the adorably not-so-tall height of 5'9, just about as short as Dream had always envisioned; the perfect proportions to slot under his arms and chin if they were to intertwine in a hug.

His pale skin is dotted with light freckles at the face, left over and forgotten by the summer sun. George's eyes are a deep and dark brown, warm like hot coffee as Dream watches them roam all over his own body, slightly dazed.

Dream's gaze naturally moves down his face and to his lips; light pink and slightly bitten, like George had been nervously chewing on them waiting for him to arrive, but still one-hundred percent entirely kissable. Dream knows he should shun and withhold such thoughts (he's only been in the man's presence for less than two minutes, goddammit), but that's the first word that springs to mind.

He then allows his gaze to flick further down and is once again struck dumb.

George is wearing his hoodie. Like, right now. Right in front of him. In the middle of the airport.

The other man is snuggled deep inside the warm material, fingertips barely peeking over the hems of the sleeves. Dream wants to wrap him up, take him home and cuddle him. He wants nothing more.

"It's you."

He hears coming out of his mouth, though not really aware of when he had made the decision to speak. The lump almost clears in his throat as George replies, "It's me." with the most beautiful smile stretching across his face.

“I... You-,”

Fuck. He’s fucking stuttering. Dream’s heart is pounding against his chest, a warm flood of frustration washing over him when he can’t string together a damned sentence. There’s only one thing occupying his mind and one thing alone.

“*Baby,*” God. He can’t breathe, “Can I hug you?”

The words tumble out of his mouth before he can force them inwards. Dream’s pretty sure his face is blushing lightly red and he feels alarmingly hot despite the cool chill of the open terminal. His heart is racing so fast he can no longer feel the pauses in between the loud thumps of his heart.

Then, George says, “Yes.”

Dream thinks that maybe he’s ascended from his body as he studies the shorter man’s blushing and bashful face.

George is *so*, so pretty under the industrial white lights. His dark brown eyes are bright and glimmering, fixed on Dream’s with what he’s sure is excitement.

Dream can feel the same buzz electrifying his own body from head to toe and he’s never felt more alive.

George is right in front of him. George is happy to be with him. George is in his *freaking* hoodie.

Unable to take it any longer, Dream closes the short distance between them quickly, pulling George into his warm embrace and bringing their bodies flush together.

Just over four thousand miles used to stand between them, now there is none. Absolutely nothing holding Dream back from doing the simplest things he could never do before, so right now Dream is taking his liberties as he clasps his arms around George’s slender middle, locking him tight against him.

He emits what he hopes is a semi-audible sigh. He doesn’t quite know what it represents... the relief at George’s eagerness? The knowledge that they’re finally together and touching?

But Dream doesn’t care as he flattens his cheek against George’s fabric covered shoulder and feels the shorter man have to reach up on his tippy-toes to weave his arms over Dream’s shoulders to grip onto the fabric of his shirt.

Dream tries not to be too gleeful as he celebrates the confirmation of George’s (lack of) height. George having to go up on his tippy-toes to reach him is wholeheartedly endearing to Dream.

As his mind wanders, the fact that he could probably very easily lift George up and swing his legs around his body bursts into his mind. Further leading to a succession of subsequent doors slamming open into much more unholy parts of his brain. It’s only a loud airport announcement that manages to pull his mind back from these depths.

Dream lets the giddy smile that has been slowly bubbling to the surface show on his face. They pull back from their embrace at the very same time, studying each other’s appearance with what Dream hopes and imagines is the same level of curiosity and contentment.

George clears his throat loudly after a couple of seconds and asks him if he has all of his bags. Dream stifles a little laugh but agrees all the same, mentally attempting to ingrain the image of George’s deep-red blush and shy grin looking up at him.

They reach the exit and they soon realise simultaneously that Dream's an *idiot* and put all his warm clothes at the bottom of his bags.

Then George starts attempting to do something which is deemed almost offensive to Dream's subconscious, apparently, because as the other moves to slip his blue hoodie off and over his head, Dream's hands have flown out of their own accord, almost like a reflex, and have latched on to George's, fixing them in place.

As his mind catches up, Dream feels his own eyes fly wide and he quickly retracts them as his gaze meets George's, willing to dodge any questions that may be thrown his way due to his hasty actions.

His cheeks are flushing pink, so badly this time that he can literally physically feel it.

God, he feels like George. He wonders if the older feels this way when his face heats up; almost frozen on the spot and unpredictable but undeniably *warm*.

"No, no, no," Dream protests feebly, rapidly attempting to conjure a valid excuse to his over-reaction, "Uh, keep it on,"

He knows the real reason. *Of course* he knows the real reason; George wearing his hoodie is something that has become so special to him... to *them*... that he doesn't ever want the shorter to take it off. To remove what Dream almost sees as a part of himself that has stayed with George on the daily when he couldn't physically be there.

Dream is still trawling mentally through excuses when he decides, *fuck it*. If he wants to let George know that he looks good in his freaking hoodie then he's freaking going to. Maybe he's being a little selfish and wants to see George blush because of him again, just maybe...

"It suits you, baby. I'll be fine."

He tells him, letting what he knows is a charming smirk flip onto his face as he looks over to the other who is pleasingly blushing a bright scarlet. When Dream realises he's about to protest, he continues.

"I don't want *you* to be cold."

George makes a face that indicates he's not so happy at letting him be cold either and it sets butterflies free in his stomach, but he relents all the same, pulling the baby-blue material back down and motioning Dream out of the sliding doors and into the car park.

Once the cold air hits him, the merciless and unforgiving English winter, Dream starts to regret his decision a tiny, tiny bit. But when he looks over to his right side and sees George walking beside him, completely huddled in the warmth of *his* hoodie, he reasons that his decisions were entirely worth it.

Each and every one of them.

~

Dream is trying his absolute hardest not to freak the *fuck* out right now because not only did

George wilfully and sleepily tuck himself against his body as they laid down lazily on the couch watching a trashy film late into the hours of the night, but he's only gone and *fallen a-freaking-sleep* on him.

It's perhaps the warmest he has ever felt when pressed up against another person. It feels so comforting, so *right*, that Dream almost feels as if his heart is about to burst into tiny fireworks inside his chest.

The hand he had tentatively laid over George's hip when the other had first snuggled up against him is now clutched firmly to his chest and into the pale-blue material.

Dropping his head down ever-so-slightly, Dream finds he can bury his face in the short tufts of George's dark hair. He listens to George's breathing for a short while, finding it not only comforting and grounding, but more importantly *steady*.

Dream moves slowly and quietly as he leans his head into George's, basking in the sweet and warm scent that eases all tension in Dream's muscles immediately. He lets a contented smile stretch minutely across his tired face and lets out a small satisfied hum.

His heart almost stops when he feels the other man shifting against him, ready to launch into a series of apologies or excuses but no. George just murmurs lowly under his breath and pushes further backwards against his body and warmth and Dream's heart absolutely *melts*.

He can see his phone where he left it, precariously balanced on the edge of the coffee table and just about out of his reach, unless he wants to disturb George, which is most definitely NOT an option. Dream curses his earlier self for doing such a thing, now unable to take a photo, because this moment, this moment right here, right now, is one he wants to live in forever.

~

Dream loves how George smells and he's starting to think he has a problem.

George's scent just means *comfort* to him and *warmth* and Dream never wants to be without it, especially not after having the opportunity to bask in it for forty-eight whole hours.

That's why he's devised a plan: Operation Swap George's hoodie for a new one of his own.

You see, he's pretty sure George likes to be snuggled in Dream's scent too. He's noticed over the past days that the shorter man often pulls the fabric of his hoodie up near his face when he's just lazing around, and he's barely seen without it on at all.

Dream then figures that George will definitely agree to the plan, and if things are going the way Dream hopefully thinks they are, George won't question him too much about it either, because the other is ridiculously shy whenever he compliments him in any which way.

He definitely would not know what to say anyway; Dream's been thinking about sharing his feelings with George days before he even got on the plane to meet him and he still hasn't figured out what to freaking say, even *then*, at that crucial moment at the peak of the Ferris wheel in the middle of London's Hyde Park.

So, here he is, rummaging through his bag trying to find the familiarly shaded green hoodie he had

meticulously packed in his suitcase. One that is probably his second favourite to the one he had sent George, and one that now had the potential to become his new favourite when he sees George wearing it.

He calls George to him; the spare room at George's apartment that he's currently occupying is a decent size, despite consisting of pretty much nothing more than a bed and a wardrobe, and is decorated, just like much of the rest of George's home, in blue. A realisation as to why had given Dream a fond and stupid smile.

"I was wondering if you'd give me my hoodie back?"

He asks, still sifting through his luggage and not really paying attention to what he was currently saying. Alarm bells are suddenly ringing in his mind, however, when George doesn't respond and goes uncharacteristically quiet after laughing with him moments before.

"Oh-," Dream hears some shuffling of movement behind him amongst George's small and timid reply, "O-okay."

What he sees when he finally turns around to face the other man absolutely shatters his heart. George is hovering in the doorway, head bowed and looking at the floor seeming small, as if he's trying his best to fade away into the background and disappear.

When George lifts his head upwards to meet Dream's gaze, the movement is slow and heavy. There's pearls of tears brimming in the corners of his eyes, his bottom lip is a quivering bright-red, trapped between his teeth.

Dream freezes in his movements, heart pounding, pounding, pounding in his chest. His mind races at a million miles an hour, face scrunching up as he thinks rapidly, what has he done? What the hell did he just say?

I was wondering if you'd give me my hoodie back.

His words reverberate around his brain in his own familiar high timbre and Dream suddenly realises with a jolting start what he has done.

He can hear exactly what it sounds like as it replays over and over inside his mind. It sounds like Dream is ripping that little piece of himself away from George, mercilessly and without reason. It sounds like Dream most certainly doesn't want George to be close to him when he definitely, definitely does. It sounds like a *rejection*.

His body finally moves entirely due to his forceful commands, striding over towards George in a hurry. He curses himself for making George think such things, even for a second and accidentally. Dream's heart is breaking with each prolonged second George has to believe he could possibly do such a thing.

"Oh," His voice is heavy and apologetic as he speaks. Dream moves forward a bit more and gestures with his hands as he speaks, "Oh no, no, baby,"

George's eyes finally reconnect with his own, watery and shining, looking up at him with the tiniest shred of sparkling hope in his eyes and Dream's nerves ease ever-so-slightly.

"That's not what I meant."

Not at all, not at all. He repeats in his mind, angry at himself as he spins round in place and decides to grab the hoodie out of his suitcase to show the older man instead.

Never. He would *never* hurt George. *Never.*

“I, um,”

Dream brings his hand up to the back of head as he begins trying to speak and scratches the back of his neck. He fists the soft and chartreuse hoodie that’s now neatly folded in his spare hand as he stares down into George’s wide and still tear-ridden eyes.

Dream pushes all of his feelings and sincerity to the surface, desperately needing George to understand just how wrong he is and just how much Dream wants him, *needs* him.

He speaks steadily, “I thought you might... might want a new one, you know. That, uh, smells more like me?”

For now, he leaves out the part that includes him wanting the same exact thing; Dream can’t quite bring himself to in this moment, more intent on making sure George is okay.

George snuffles and wipes away the collected tears in his eyes with the back of his hand. A dark brown, curious and unsure gaze holds his and Dream can practically interpret the questions lacing and weaving in between them both.

He doesn’t move, but doesn’t ask either, scared that if he does George will back away. Dream fixes himself in place, willing his muscles not to move.

George entirely surprises him when he moves swiftly, sliding his arms up and around Dream’s neck as he reaches him and pulls his head down into a kiss that sets Dream’s entire body alight with a pleasant and creeping warmth.

The older man’s lips are soft. *So*, so soft, just like Dream had always imagined whilst staring longingly at his stupid monitor thousands of miles away across the ocean.

George’s hands are in his *hair*, curling his fingers inwards and clutching on tightly, pushing their mouths more firmly together.

Dream can’t get his limbs to move, numbed by the shock and sheer surprise of the shorter man’s actions and he hates it. He hates it because he can feel the exact moment George freezes his movements against his lips and starts doubting himself.

His lips are so *warm*, and that warmth seems to seep through each and every layer of Dream’s skin as he finally regains control of his body, wrapping his arms firmly around George’s middle, locking him against him and never intending to let him go.

Dream emits a small and breathless gasp against the other’s lips before he parts his own and deepens the kiss, pushing back against George, eager to taste each and every inch of him. Eager to make George finally understand just how much he’s wanted him. Just how much he *wants* him right now.

When they finally part for air, Dream is still determined to verbalise his emotions. His smile is so blinding as he pulls away that Dream is sure it covers his entire face, his glee only increases tenfold as he aligns his eyes with George’s to find fondness, affection and a giddy grin as awed and dazed as his own.

And when Dream finally gets to say ‘*I like you*’ to George (and call him an idiot soon after for teasing him), after getting interrupted by a million sweet kisses, Dream does the only thing he can do in this moment to express the overflowing warmth he finds within.

He swoops his head downwards and captures George's lips again in a intimate, sweet and lingering kiss as he caresses the side of his rosy cheek.

Dream could never *ever* tire of this.

~

Dream kisses George eagerly against the back of his front door once they stumble in from his hallway. His boyfriend is smiling and giggling against the hundreds of kisses he peppers across his face before pushing him off half-heartedly and telling him to 'at least let him get through the door'.

Exhausted from their trip to Winter Wonderland, Dream lets his excited, lopsided grin extend further across his face, before chucking his coat onto the rack and kicking off his shoes, "I can't help it,"

He turns his attention fully to George before he finishes, "I'm literally the happiest I've ever been."

George looks like he attempts to send Dream an eye roll his way but halfway through it's overridden by a blinding and timid smile that mirrors his own.

"Really?"

He asks, shrugging his coat off before turning to stand right in front of Dream, glancing upwards into his emerald eyes. His tone is quiet and unsure, as if the two of them had not just confessed their love to each other mere moments before.

"Really," Dream tells him sincerely, holding eye contact as he brings his large hand upwards to cup George's cheek before leaning down to capture his frost-bitten lips in a warm kiss, "I love you *so* much."

George's face explodes into a beautiful and colourful palette of pinks and reds as Dream moves backwards slightly to grin fondly at his boyfriend trying to hide his facial expression in the palm of his hand. It doesn't work, however, because Dream lightly tilts his face upwards and their eyes meet once again.

Dream coos at him, steering them both into George's bedroom; George calls him an idiot and he bursts into an airy wheeze, earning him a sharp poke to the side.

George climbs into bed quickly, probably understandably due to their long night, and Dream is only seconds behind, sliding in next to him and placing his head on the pillow aligned with George's. This earns him an adorable giggle and an eye roll, fully completed this time, from the other.

"I can't believe I love you too."

The words make Dream feel so comforted and protected in a way that he's never thought he'd really needed before. Always the strong one, for his family, for his friends, for his fans. But here, with George snuggled by his side, he doesn't have to provide for anyone and can just simply... *be*.

It's a small comfort that he's never before been awarded. Dream's bask in the warm and comforting floatiness of George's embrace is interrupted when by a soft whine emitted from the

other against his shoulder, where his head had settled and nestled.

“What?” He lets himself chuckle, tilting his head down slightly so he’s speaking into the fluff of George’s hair.

Said man glances up quickly, catching Dream’s gaze as he explains, unhelpfully, “I forgot you did the thing.”

“What thing?” Dream asks absentmindedly as he plays with the locks at the base of George’s neck.

“You posted that photo of me in the hoodie on Twitter!”

Ohhh, that thing.

Dream smiles to himself, pleased at both the capture of such a beautiful photo and a confirmation that George is his *boyfriend* to all (... not that Dream’s protective or anything).

“Well,” Dream begins, starting to consider constructing a white lie to mask his true intentions, but then decides to stick with the plain old truth, “You’re mine, baby, aren’t you?”

God, he hadn’t quite meant it to sound so *possessive*... but Dream’s not entirely surprised to find that he kind of likes it. And if the intense blushing and light gasp emitted from George are anything to go on, he quite likes it too.

“Yes.”

George breathes lowly against his neck, lips grazing the skin there and electrifying Dream’s body, but he tries desperately NOT to let his mind go there right now, because it’s the penultimate night he gets to stay in George’s bed, sleep by his side and be intertwined with him.

He knows George suddenly thinks of the same thing too, because he goes quiet and still against him.

“I’m here, baby,” Dream whispers into George’s hair as he places light and lingering kisses there, “I’m right here.”

The corners of his mouth perk up solemnly when George replies through a short, little sigh, “Good.” as he drifts off into sleep.

Dream finally shuts his own anchored eyes when he hears and feels George’s breathing even out against him.

“I love you.”

He whispers one more time for good measure against George’s forehead before landing a kiss there; Dream doesn’t think he’ll ever be able to tell him enough times to show him just how much, but for now, this will do.

This will do just fine.

Chapter Two

Chapter Summary

Dream finally has to leave George in London, but that certainly doesn't keep them apart.

Chapter Notes

hellooo

i know a lot of you were looking forward to this and i appreciate that support so, so much! <3 i love you guys

hopefully you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I can't believe it took you so long to admit it, dude.”

Comes Sapnap's crackly voice down the speaker of Dream's phone. He's currently lying flat out across the expanse of George's bed with it on speaker beside him, finally offloading onto his best friend after years of keeping his feelings to himself.

He doesn't know why he never really told him, perhaps an underlying fear of rejection from one of the people who's been through so much with him, or maybe the fear of Sapnap possibly telling George but all these reasons are absolutely stupid because Dream knows none of them would have come true.

In truth, it hadn't taken long at all for Dream to accept his feelings for George when they arose. Probably about two years ago now, he had found himself and George on a call alone and he distinctly remembers making the other man giggle profusely and thinking that he was just so *cute*.

The thought had brought butterflies, of course, and questioning thoughts, but Dream knew right away what these feelings were and he welcomed them with open arms, never really expecting anything in return.

Oh, how wrong he was.

He reflects back to himself, grinning.

“Dude?”

Oh, right. Sapnap. Dream lets out a cough of protest before he speaks.

“Well, I never denied it either...”

This earns a sharp laugh from the other man, Dream smiles and joins in before his tone returns

back to a more serious one.

“I don’t know,” He sighs, rolling over to face his phone as if looking his friend straight in the eyes, “I was just really worried I would lose him if I told him, you know?”

Sapnap makes a small hum of understanding.

“And I’d rather just have kept George as a friend than not have him as anything at all.”

There’s a couple of silent seconds that allow Dream to just lay and think before Sapnap interrupts with a teasing, “Awww.”

“*Shut up*,” He only just manages to wheeze out in between his incredulous laughs, “I’m trying to be serious, you can’t laugh!”

Sapnap only continues to do so harder, before pointing out, “Yeah, but everything worked out in the end didn’t it? So I think you’ll find I am allowed.”

Shaking his head, Dream fondly tells him to ‘stop’ as he rolls over on the bed.

The bold hands of the clock balanced on George’s bedside table catch his eye and remind him of what little time he has left in London. It’s five pm, his flight leaves tomorrow at noon. That’s less than twenty-four hours now.

He sighs audibly and complains, “I don’t want to leave.”

He hears Sapnap release a small puff of air from his nose before he replies.

“Then don’t.”

Dream chuckles but doesn’t protest to the fact that the thought had crossed his mind. But he can’t, at least now right now.

His family and friends are all awaiting him back in Florida. It wouldn’t take much deliberation if he were to make the move permanently however, of course he would. He’d go wherever George wants to go.

“Look, the plane journey is like eight hours, right?” Sapnap begins, Dream nods even though the younger can’t see, “So you only have to survive eight hours without seeing him and then you can hop right back on FaceTime or whatever.”

The idea and Sapnap’s concern causes Dream to smile. He loves his friend loads, he’s always been there for him and he knows it will always be that way in the future.

“Yeah,” He breathes out with a more relaxed sigh, “Thanks man.”

Sapnap giggles and tells him, “Anytime.”

They talk idly about video ideas and what they’ll film when he gets back for a few minutes more before Dream hears George enter back into the apartment. His body jolts up and his head snaps towards the door and he can’t help but liken himself to a freaking golden retriever. He doesn’t mind too much about that though.

“Dream?”

Sapnap asks down the phone after his latest question is left unanswered, soon to follow, however,

is a knowing, “George is back, isn’t he.”

“...Yeah.” Dream admits sheepishly, not wanting to kick his friend off the phone but also wanting to burst out of the door to greet George.

“Go on, dude, you go,” Sapnap tells him with a little laugh and Dream can’t help but think how they know each other like the back of their hands after so many years, “I’ll talk to you again when you get back?”

“Of course.”

Dream agrees eagerly before returning Sapnap’s ‘goodbye’. He ends the call and shoves his phone back into the depths of his jogging bottom pockets as he tries not to walk too quickly into the kitchen where he can hear George rummaging around.

He pauses and hovers in the doorway when he gets there, watching the slender frame of George’s back as he unpacks the takeaway food he’d set out to collect for them.

Dream had, of course, insisted on coming too, but George had told him it would be ‘like five minutes tops’, when in reality Dream was left alone in his apartment for more than twenty, hence the call to Sapnap with nothing left to do after getting all the plates and utensils out.

Trying the best that he can to approach silently on the tiled floor, when he gets close enough to the other Dream wraps his arms around the shorter’s middle and pulls him close to his chest as he hooks his chin over George’s shoulder.

As expected, George jumps a little when he feels Dream’s hands curl around his waist, but he soon relaxes when he glances up and confirms who it is. He displays a pleased smile as he leans back into Dream, continuing to divide up their meals onto plates.

“What took you so long?”

Dream murmurs against the skin of George’s cheek before leaving a brief kiss there. He can feel the warmth rushing into the older’s cheeks under his lips and this knowledge makes him smile.

“They messed up the woman in front of me’s order and everything got pushed back.” George explains, to which Dream hums in understanding.

“Missed you.”

Dream says, pressing another kiss to George’s cheek and making him blush impossibly more.

“You’re such an idiot,” George tells him, giggling, but leaning further back into Dream’s chest fondly, “It was literally twenty minutes.”

“Twenty minutes *too long*.”

Dream sighs wistfully, purposely over-dramatising, causing George to emit the beautiful and hearty laugh that he loves.

Dinner is a cheerful affair, full of their usual teasing and dumb comments trying to make the other laugh but what follows is less so.

When they settle down for bed, Dream notices George is extra clingy and reluctant to let go of him at all. He very much feels the same way, tucking himself close against him and wrapping his arms

protectively around him.

As they fall asleep, they do not part. They are unparted, also, as they wake in a tight and warm embrace. Then the hours are soon sliding by and Dream finds himself at the airport all too soon.

They've reached the border now, security, one which Dream can cross and one which George cannot. Both their hands are tightly intertwined in between their sides, Dream squeezes the shorter man's as he turns to face him.

George looks up at him, but Dream gets the impression that his gaze is distant, that he's stuck in his head thinking about a million things too many.

"Hey," He says, thankful when brightness seems to return to the dark brown eyes before him, "I'll call you right away when I land, okay?"

George nods but it's shaky, he clutches onto Dream's hand tighter and presses his lips tight together like he's trying his hardest not to cry. Dream's heart shatters a little, but he does his best to hold his own expression together because he knows if he cracks that George certainly will too.

"And I'll be on call with you all day, everyday, as much as I can, okay?" Dream tries, cupping his pale face gently with his free hand, "I'm not going away forever."

This brings a smile finally back on to George's face and Dream ingrains the image into his mind; his last memory of his time in England.

"Yeah, okay."

George says in a small voice as he takes a brave nod. His eyes are still watery, but the tears are no longer threatening to fall when Dream wipes them away with the hem of his hoodie before leaning down and connecting their lips in an intimate and lingering kiss.

George wraps his arms tightly around Dream's back, fingers digging deep into the fabric there as they embrace afterwards. The shorter's smile is bright but wavering as they pull back and gaze upon each other again.

"I'll see you soon, baby."

Dream whispers so lightly into the air in between them, giving George's hand one more reassuring squeeze before he lets go and takes hold of the handle of his suitcase.

"Goodbye, Dream."

Replies George softly with glittering eyes and a small wave of his palm peaking out from under the layers of Dream's hoodie he's wearing.

That's the last sight Dream sees before he turns and disappears into the bustle of security, having to push himself onwards or he would never leave.

Eight hours. He says to himself over and over. *Eight hours.*

He makes it through eight hours.

In fact, he manages to make it through almost a whole month without physically seeing and touching his boyfriend.

It makes Dream ache for him, of course, but he always sees and talks to him everyday.

If anything, this makes the fact that Dream is finally going to feel George against him again in less than an *hour* feel ten-thousand times more exciting. He's practically buzzing inside, adrenaline already rushing through his veins out of nerves and eagerness, and this has probably got something to do with the fact that he's currently sitting in the airport car park waiting for George's plane to arrive a whole damn hour early.

He's excited, okay?

Dream reasons to himself that he's definitely allowed to be.

They had desperately tried to arrange a flight for George to Florida a lot earlier, but real life things had arisen for them both and planes at such short notice are *expensive*, so they had had to settle for about a month on from when they last saw each other in London.

George had insisted that this time he would pay to come and see Dream in Florida to 'balance it out', Dream had agreed fondly, with an additional 'I love you' making George blush.

7:25am *george i'm boarding the plane now, phone will have to go off soon :(*

7:25am *george i can't wait to see you again <3 i'll be there soon*

Looking back at the texts George had sent this morning as he had gotten onto his flight makes his heart swell not only in anticipation, but also at the heart tagged on to the end because he's apparently so smitten that a dozen small pixels from the other can get his heart racing.

Dream messes around with the radio stations in his car for the next thirty minutes or so, unable to settle on one and also needing to keep his anxious and sweat-ridden hands busy as his heart shoots up and down in rate.

Running a hand through his stylishly messy hair, he checks his reflection in the front mirror again. Something which he really needs to stop doing, seeing as he looks the same as he did the last time he checked two minutes ago.

Dream straightens and picks the tiny strands cat fur off of his black top. He loves Patches but she does love to get her fur onto all of his clothes on the daily. He'd paired the black top with his favourite pair of blue jeans so he'd be able to wait comfortably sat in the car for George.

Frustrated at the same old songs being played on the radio, he's about to resort to plugging the aux cord into his phone when he goes to unlock it only to have his eyes fly wide as he notices a text from George.

In his hurry to swipe it open he very nearly drops his phone into the footwell of his car, catching it with his other hand through the use of his well-tuned reflexes. He brings his screen up to his face and reads quickly.

now *george my plane landed early! :D still able to pick me up?*

Dream tuts in his mind because *as if* he would let George catch a taxi or an Uber to his house when picking him up means that he gets to see him more quickly. Not to mention that fact that he's already sitting outside...

Eager to actually get inside the building and see George face-to-face for the first time in a month, Dream shoots back a brief 'on my way' before leaping out the door of his car and hastily locking it.

He's had all the gate numbers and their locations memorised for *weeks* so it doesn't take him long to arrive at the right one. Looking around quickly, he doesn't see George and reasons that he must still be picking up his luggage and doing other stupid airport things that are currently depriving Dream of engulfing him into a crushing embrace and kiss.

Dream waits (impatiently) for another two minutes or so before he perks his head up, suddenly noticing a flood of people streaming out of the gate exit. He flicks his eyes over each face, noticing and dismissing quickly when it's not the one he wants to see.

He's beginning to get frustrated when suddenly the world slows around him and all of the bustling noise of the airport seems to slowly fade out around him. Dream's grin stretches across the entire length of his face as his eyes fix on the adorably familiar face that has now swung into view.

George.

Trying his very best not to feed into the romance film cliché, Dream attempts to keep his walking pace at a normal, acceptable speed, but as he nears the other he can't help but race to close the distance in between them.

With his advantage of height, Dream sees George only clock him when he's just a few paces away, his cutely concentrated face soon blooming into one of visible delight and excitement.

God.

Dream had missed the bright sparks in his boyfriend's eyes; the burning embers that always seem to light a fire within him with a mere glance. He's missed his shining and pearly white smile as his grin stretches ear-to-ear, and most importantly, he's missed the way his arms slip perfectly around him, feeding into the warmth in his chest.

They collide with crushing force, Dream is pretty sure he hears George's suitcase topple over onto the floor but neither of them care right now. George almost jumps up against him to wrap his arms around the taller's neck, pulling him down as Dream's arms lock securely around his middle.

Short laughs of almost disbelief bubble up and out of Dream's mouth that this moment is finally here. He runs one of his hands up George's back and into his soft, soft hair, leaning his head back from where he'd settled it on his shoulder to capture his lips in a passionate kiss.

George hums happily against him, struggling to capture breaths between his chuckles and Dream's lips covering his own.

When Dream's heart finally quiets its rapid beating a little, he looks down into George's scrunched up eyes and giddy grin as he cups one of his blushing cheeks tenderly.

"I missed you *so*, so much."

His words are breathless, but he has no care for such things in this moment with his fingers dancing over George's skin.

George responds lightly, through a giggled laugh, "I missed you too."

Dream is so giddy with happiness that he almost misses the mischievous grin as he roams his gaze greedily over the other's features, deprived of his close study for a month. He furrows his brows when he sees.

"What?"

Emitting a snicker, George reaches down to save his fallen suitcase as he answers, "Oh, it's nothing,"

Dream just gives him a raised eyebrow and an expectant look, knowing his boyfriend all too well to know that there was certainly more to follow. George relents quickly with an even wider quirk at the right side of the grin on his cheeks.

"It's just..." George pauses for a second as Dream regards him with a questioning gaze, "I thought it took you twenty minutes to get to the airport from your house?"

Reflecting back, Dream does recall telling George this when they were working out all the fine details of their trip. His face immediately reddens when he realises George's point; he'd arrived at the gate in about five.

His boyfriend is still grinning massively wide, obviously pleased at the small blush blooming on Dream's face, "Were you already waiting for me?"

Very briefly considering his options, Dream decides on a very ineloquent and fond, "...*Shut up.*" Though he can't stop himself giggling because he's just so damn happy and positively glowing on the inside.

They move in sync to grab the handle of George's suitcase when Dream suggests that they get out of the busy crowds and into his car. Dream's larger hand lands on top of the soft and delicate skin of George's sending pleasant sparks shooting through both of their arms.

George connects his eyes to Dream's in a questioning gaze, one to which he responds with, "I'm your *boyfriend*," He says that part with shimmering pride, he must admit, "I'm carrying your bags for you."

Laughing, George relents and removes his hand from under Dream's, which is disappointing to the taller man, only until George slips his hand into his other which is still free.

"You're so cute."

George tells him with the sweetest smile Dream believes he's ever seen. He definitely does *not* turn his head away to hide his spreading blush.

Dream pulls his car up to the front of his house still talking about the millions of arrangements he has made for George's stay.

"-so yeah, everyone's out today and won't be back until later and I mean, it's not like they don't know who you are anyway but I made sure that..."

He trails off a little when he catches George's amused grin out of the corner of his eye.

“...What?”

He asks as he shifts himself up and out of the car, the other shortly following him, doing the same.

“I don’t know,” George starts, giving him a cute and considerate smile that makes Dream want to kiss him right this instant, “You seem... nervous.”

Once this is outspoken, Dream suddenly feels himself able to relax more freely, tension dropping from his shoulders and face muscles easing. He sighs.

“I just want everything to be perfect.”

He admits in a small voice. Having amped himself up over the past weeks, maybe he admittedly instilled a little anxiety into himself. Sharing this with George, however, does seem to have alleviated it somewhat.

“Aww,” George coos as he reaches up to the side of Dream’s face, taking ahold of his chin and pulling his face down into a quick kiss, “I’m sure it will be, don’t worry.”

Dream rolls his eyes light-heartedly but still grins ridiculously wide into the kiss. His heart and mind seemed to have calmed.

“Anyway,” He drawls out, trying to realign their conversation to what he was trying to originally say as they both walk towards the front door of his house, “I was trying to say that my mum asked if you’d want the spare room and I was like... no,”

He glances over to George, who is now regarding him very carefully.

“And she basically just asked me if we were going out and I said yes,” George’s eyes have widened and Dream attempts not to laugh, “And, well, she’s very excited to meet you. The, uh, rest of my family too.”

George’s eyes are wide as he turns to face him fully to speak.

“*Dream!*”

He can’t stop his laugh at George’s very familiar exclamation and the pull of the grin at his cheeks.

“What?” He chuckles, feeling the lock click in the door as he pushes it open, holding it for George as they both move inside and out of the hot and humid air.

George splutters a little before lightly hitting him in the side, “A little warning, maybe?”

Dream just continues to grin as he carries George’s bags up the stairs, moving towards his room or, he supposes, *their* room, for this week.

The older is still slightly shell-shocked, staring at Dream with a small furrow in his brow and a pink pout forming on his lips. His voice is higher than usual as he rambles.

“I have to meet your *parents*, oh my God,” He brings one hand up to run through his hair before stilling it, realising, “Oh God, your *sister*.”

Dream is still watching him fondly from the corner of the room where he has positioned all of George’s things; his smile stretches wider at the knowledge that George cares so much about what his family think of him.

He had suffered similar stress when George had informed him he'd told his mum about their relationship shortly after he had returned to Florida on a FaceTime call. George was visiting his family and had waved her over to the phone to say 'hi' not long after, giving Dream about five minutes in total to process all of this information at once.

He doesn't remember a lot of it, so he even suspects he might have experienced a freaking sensory overload at the time. But he does, luckily, recall George's mum's lovely words of encouragement and light-hearted threats about 'hurting her boy'. Something to which Dream had responded very seriously and wholeheartedly, causing George to blush again and again.

So, in short, Dream doesn't feel entirely guilty about omitting this piece of information from his boyfriend. In his defence this had only just occurred, when George was already on his plane, too.

"You'll be fineee," He drawls out in a reassuring tone, closing the distance between him and George calculatedly, "They all love you already anyway."

He smirks when George seems to shine under this revelation, but the smaller man's frame does not seem to relax, rigid in place and clearly overthinking anything and everything.

Dream takes matters into his own hands, literally, cupping George's cheeks with both his hands when he reaches him beside his doorway.

"And if not," He continues, speaking directly to George, green eyes completely fixated on his dark brown, "They'll love you because *I* love you,"

He punctuates his point with a precise kiss on George's lips.

"And they love me."

Shoulders slowly relaxing and muscles becoming more lax, George shoots him an intimate gaze that clearly says, '*You're an idiot.*' in his fond and familiar chuckley tone from under his lashes. A soft smile creeps back upwards onto his handsome face and Dream touches the soft pink with his fingers, large hands still caressing George's jaw.

"Okay?"

Dream asks, needing to double and triple check.

"Yeah."

George breathes out lightly, suddenly distracted by their proximity, dark eyes darting down to Dream's lips where they hover only a few inches away.

As Dream slowly moves his hands away from George's soft cheeks, he can feel the tension between them change. Hands moving downwards, grazing George's sides lightly and teasing through the fabric of his cotton shirt, the air around Dream and inside of him feels hot and heavy.

He touches purposefully, moving his fingers to slip between the fabric of George's t-shirt and trousers and burning red-hot brands against the soft and pale expanse of his boyfriend's cold skin.

George lets out a delectable gasp that Dream positively wants to swallow. His eyes are bright, fixed on Dream's and looking up at him intently, conveying anticipation and encouragement.

Dream continues, moving his fingers higher and higher as he lets his gaze dip away from George's hooded and dazed eyes and onto his parted pink lips.

Leaning his head down swiftly, Dream captures those perfect lips with his own, opening his mouth into the kiss to coax George into doing the same. The older licks into Dream's eagerly, arms winding their way up muscled shoulders and securing themselves behind the taller man's neck. Dream hums hungrily into George's mouth, switching sides and pushing against the other, a fire roaring through his body.

In his fervour, Dream walks George carefully backwards until the shorter man's back hits the wall of his room with a '*thump*'.

"Ah, *Dream*."

The smaller half moans as George pulls said man down towards him and he happily obliges, moving his tongue against the other's, intent on continuing to emit the breathless moans from his boyfriend that are sending sparks across his body.

He moves his hands again, crawling them across and up George's skin and tugging his t-shirt upwards too until his hands land flat across his shoulder blades and he's pulling the older's body closer towards him, positioning a tactful leg between his thighs.

They part for air and Dream moves his head back as minutely as possible to regard the view; George's lips are a bitten and swollen red, stark against this white skin, his cheeks are heavily flushed and warm to touch, and his eyes, even though they trail on Dream with his every movement, seem almost far off and swimming in pools of starlight.

"*Baby*, you look..."

He tries, but the sight takes his breath away (as if he wasn't already panting enough) and it only takes the slight inclination of George's head trying to reach for his own for him to swoop back down to place lingering kisses along the red planes of George's cheeks causing the other to sound a fit of giggles that Dream definitely should not find *hot*.

He continues down, sliding his warm hands in a similar motion as he clutches onto either side of George's bare waist, and latches his lips onto the skin of his boyfriend's neck with glistening intent.

Dream makes his way across his pale skin, marking it in satisfying shades of pink and red as George throws his head back against the wall and lets out a moan that quickens the pace Dream's racing heart.

He ravishes the soft skin under his lips, grazing it pleasantly with his teeth and licking back over it with his tongue, careful not to mark George too permanently, for now.

God, yes, he thinks as he feels the small tug of George's hands in his hair, happily following his need and reconnecting their lips with a rumbling hum.

He'd dreamed of this so many times before, having George pinned against his wall, smothering his sweet, sweet moans and gasps with his lips and tasting and touching him absolutely everywhere.

He'd laid in bed on lonely nights, yearning for the touch of the other man and wishing to feel the heat of his arms wrapped around him, pulling his hair and whispering softly into his ears.

And now George is finally here he can finally do this *all*. He feels so spoiled and greedy and as if he's the luckiest man in the world.

Dream idly grazes George's bare skin, going pliant under the other's administrations as he invades

Dream's mouth with his tongue, licking eagerly inside and mapping his boyfriend out with all five senses, when he vaguely recalls something that had sprung to mind when he was lying in bed and missing George on a cold, cold night.

He squeezes George's sides, grabbing his attention as he pulls back and fixing their eyes together.

"*Baby*," He begins, surprised to find his voice hoarse and low; George only seems to be drawn further in to his lips, "Can you jump for me?"

Dream doesn't give him too much time to process his words, admittedly, earning a surprised and breathless gasp of air from George as Dream bends down swiftly to position his hands securely around his boyfriend's thighs before easily picking him up and pushing him back strongly against the wall.

George's legs quickly scramble into position, locking around his boyfriend's sturdy waist and whatever he was about to say is cut off by Dream diving down to kiss his pink lips again, wandering hands squeezing his thighs intermittently in the process.

"Yes, ah- *Dream*. Please."

Is all the taller can hear George whine and moan in a high tone as he returns to his boyfriend's neck, licking over the red marks he'd made previously and meticulously adding new ones. He can feel George physically shiver and shake under his actions in this new position and he can't help as he chest swells with pride.

George's hands desperately clutch into Dream's dirty-blond hair shooting electricity to many areas of the younger's tense body as he continues to ravage him against the wall, pulling his boyfriend's head back up to face him, regarding the dark and thirsty look in his emerald eyes before tugging him back into a crushing kiss.

He almost makes a whiny noise of protest as Dream starts to slip his feet back to the floor, to which the taller emits a chuckled and stifled, "We can't stay like this forever." against George's swollen lips.

Now back on the floor, George lets out a few breathless pants along with a small pout before attempting to respond, fingers still interweaved in Dream's now thoroughly mussed hair.

"Wish we could."

Dream runs a hand through George's dark locks affectionately with a slanted grin before tugging him by the waist towards the bed, making them both fall rather ungraciously onto the plush sheets, though George's landing is cushioned by Dream's chest.

Their connected gaze is unwavering as they share breathless laughter. Dream has never felt his heart so warm as he tightens his grasp on George, pulling him impossibly closer towards his body.

"So do I,"

He finally agrees in a quiet, but content tone, caressing the softness of George's cheek on his chest in the process and feeling a stupid smitten grin spread onto his face as George looks up at him with beautiful red cheeks.

"But we have time."

He reminds George as he feels his heart thump underneath his chest, but he also reminds himself

too and Dream feels like he's flying above the clouds with George by his side.

They have today, they have tomorrow, they have this week, and then they have *forever*.

And forever is certainly good enough for him.

Chapter End Notes

thank you a million times over to everyone who has read and supported this fic series!
i couldn't have done it without you :,)

this is all from me for now, there's probably more dnf fics in my future so don't worry!

<3 see you soon

End Notes

thank you so much for reading!

kudos and comments are always greatly appreciated ♡

i'm [@dreamingogy](#) on twitter if you want writing updates or just to say hi!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!